

Head

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Head

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

When a young Head Master heads to the city to find a hook-up before the new term begins, he has no idea what he's letting himself in for.

Chapter 1



Will Graham looked around the moodily lit club and adjusted his shirt collar. Was it really so warm, or was it just his blood pumping uncontrollably around his body?

He hadn't done this in years, not since his college days. And then it had been so different. He'd been a bright young thing with no thought to consequences, of which there had been few. And now there were a lot. And this really felt like it wasn't smart at all.

He was out, and so far that hadn't been a problem at the school. But there was a difference between parents knowing he was gay, maybe the *right kind* of gay, and knowing he actually fucked men. That was why he had driven to the city and booked a hotel for the weekend rather than attend any of the (few) gay venues near his small town of Wolftrap.

This was out of his comfort zone for sure, and he was just about enough of an asshole that he'd likely only pick up someone who enjoyed being with an asshole. And he wasn't really sure he was ready to explore the idea of that being a kink. But desperate times...

He hadn't gotten laid in the best part of five years, and that had been at a teacher's conference and pretty terrible. It hadn't helped that both he and the hookup preferred to top, and what then ensued, rather than a satisfying and quick fuck, was a long as hell negotiation that ended in some forgettable frotage and the inability to look each other in the eye on the last day of the conference.

Jerking off was okay. Familiar, and it got the job done. Sometimes there were even toys involved when he was feeling adventurous.

But lately he'd been wanting to feel the press of a body next to his. He wanted some intimacy without the hassle of dating and everything that came with that. He didn't want a relationship, not least because he really didn't have the time or energy. Especially as he would also have to find someone that would be considered the right kind of gay for a small mountain town. It was all too exhausting.

It had been a last minute decision to book a hotel room in the city, and it was one he didn't intend to regret.

Will looked around the room and took in the packs of young men partying together, the occasional one glancing him up and down.

There were a few older men at the bar, many were older than him and really not his type. And from the way they eyed they younger men like chicken hawks, he clearly wasn't theirs either.

Will made the decision to sit at the other end of the bar from the dance floor, angled towards it, and slowly get drunk enough to pluck up the courage to hit on someone.

He was deep into his second neat whiskey, when he felt movement at his back. It took him a moment to realise someone had dropped into the stool next to him and that the way he was sitting was rather obstructive, with his back to that stool.

"Shit," Will said, turning to make room in the small corner, "sorry."

The young man that had taken the seat smiled at him and waved the apology away with his hand. "No problem, I just... don't want to sit over there." He indicated the much older men and Will nodded.

The club was getting louder so Will couldn't be completely sure, but the young man appeared to have a foreign accent. And he certainly looked like he didn't quite belong. He was the only person in the place, other than Will, wearing a shirt. Whilst Will's was a casual plaid, with his somewhat smart chinos, the young man wore what appeared to be parts of a three piece suit. A garishly patterned pair of pants, matching vest, and a contrastingly coloured shirt. It looked like he'd probably removed a tie and jacket and left them in the cloakroom.

"Come here often?" Will found himself asking, in reference to the attire.

At the young man's responding smirk, Will's cheeks burned and he shook his head. "No, I mean... I meant that you don't look like you're dressed for a nightclub."

The man looked him up and down and then quirked a brow, "Did you miss the turn for the lumberjack convention?" The tone made clear the good natured tease, and Will definitely made out an accent. Something European and rumbled very pleasantly.

"Fair point," Will conceded, picking up his drink and taking a sip, realising after a moment that the young man was looking at him expectantly.

"Aren't you going to offer to buy me a drink?" The young man purred each slow and cool word.

Will frowned, and looked him up and down. He was attractive, there was no denying that in the least. But young. Very young. Not as young as some of the guys in there, he was sure. But even so.

"I don't know..." Will hesitated. "You old enough to drink in this country?" He tried to make it sound like a tease, but it clearly wasn't and the young man knew that too.

He chuckled and cocked his head a little, "I'm definitely old enough. I'm twenty five. Want to check my ID, daddy?"

Will groaned and rolled his eyes, "That isn't going to convince me," Will admonished even as his traitorous dick twitched.

The young man smirked at him and Will found himself wanting to wipe the grin from his lips, with his own lips.

Will put his glass down and waved over the bartender.

"Whatever he'd like," Will indicated the young man.

Whilst the young man tried to ascertain the least horrifying wine option they had, Will looked him up and down again. The suit wasn't all that appalling and it fit him perfectly. Every line of his body, and the cute swell of his ass.

Even if he believed this kid was twenty five, he wasn't sure he could go for someone a little over ten years younger than himself. Not even for a one night hookup.

Which was possibly part of his problem. Always too picky one way or the other. Always finding a reason to keep people at arm's length. Even a one night stand, apparently.

Will handed over his credit card and watched as the young man drank, watching him in turn over the rim of his glass. Will couldn't help but enjoy the way he could see the press of his lips through the glass.

"You don't look like you're here to dance," The young man said softly, and Will looked down before shaking his head.

“I don’t get a lot of... opportunities.” Will admitted, knocking back the last of his own drink.

“Is that what I am?” The man leaned in a little closer, conspiratorial. Pressing them together ever so slightly.

It might have been the whiskey, but Will couldn’t help leaning a little further, drawling in his Louisiana twang next to the young man’s ear, “You wanna be?”

*

“Oh, ugnnn, there right there. Oh yes, daddy, yes...”

Will couldn’t help but fuck the young man harder and harder the more vocal he got.

They hadn’t even bothered with one more drink at the bar, deciding instead to relocate their acquaintance to Will’s nearby hotel room. As he had expected, the young man did indeed have a matching jacket in the coat check, and a satchel. It looked like the sort used by a rich and preppy college student. Will wondered if he was doing a doctorate or something, but had decided a moment after inexplicably propositioning the young man, that they shouldn’t exchange any personal information.

No names, no details. If anything it made the whole thing hotter.

And that was saying something considering that being called daddy in lieu of his actual fucking name (so he only had himself to blame), from the moment they left the bar, was making his balls ache.

Will draped himself over the young man's deceptively sturdy frame as he fucked deep. Although trim and lean, when he'd removed his clothes the young man had revealed the lithe body of a dancer or gymnast. Certainly he had no trouble holding Will's weight as he pounded into him as he held himself on all fours on the bed.

Will hadn't even bothered to undress. Or rather his eager new friend hadn't given him much chance. He'd immediately been out of his clothes and then shucking Will's pants down just enough to free his swollen cock. He had stroked it a couple of times before leaning in and whispering against Will's ear that he had come to club wet, ready and plugged.

Will had groaned and not even considered any resistance. This was perfect, utterly perfect.

As though pulled from his mind (and from fantasies he didn't want to acknowledge), this wonderfully responsive young man had appeared before him.

Will wrapped an arm around the young man's chest and pulled back, until they were upright with Will thrusting up hard into him as he practically now sat in Will's lap.

"Oh, daddy..." He groaned and grabbed for Will's other hand, placing it on his own leaking and straining cock. Uncut and a pleasing size and shape, Will had every intention of having it in his mouth before the night was through. But for now he took it in hand and began to jerk him with the same pace as his thrusts.

He could feel the young man getting closer and closer, his cock throbbing and body tensing, until finally he cried out, "Dadddddy!!"

Another hard thrust had the young man arching and coming in thick ropes across the bed.

Will closed his eyes and continued to thrust through the constricting muscles as they pulled his own orgasm from him. He buried himself over and over, slamming up into the young man until he finally shuddered and filled the condom.

They both caught their breath for a moment before collapsing forward onto the bed, the young man's frame holding them up once more until Will finally pinched the end of the condom and pulled out. They both groaned and Will dropped the used condom over the side of the bed as they both fell to their sides, Will spooned up behind him.

They both panted, trying to get their breath. Finally the young man chuckled, "Not bad for an old man." Then he added teasingly, "*daddy*,"

Will huffed a chuckle and gave the young man's ass a soft swot.

"You... want to stay over?" Will asked tentatively.

The young man turned in his arms and looked at him very seriously, "I don't intend to leave until I've had chance to ride you hard and put you away wet, as I believe you say. How long do you..." The young man started to palm Will's dick, not waiting for a verbal response on exactly how long it would take for Will to get hard again.

The answer, it turned out, was much faster than Will ever had before.

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Will woke sprawled across the bed, in desperate need of a shower.

He wasn't sure the last time he'd had that much sex in one night, but suspected it was at least a decade ago. He'd fucked the young man twice (ridden hard as promised), sucked him off. Then just as Will thought he was completely empty, the young man jerked him off and shoved his fingers in Will's ass, stroking cock and prostate until Will had no choice but to come again.

It had been amazing. Sensational, and just what he needed. But he wasn't surprised to find that he was alone when he woke up.

It seemed the most fitting option actually. He got up, showered, packed and then went back to real life a much more satisfied man than twenty-four hours earlier.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will crashes back to reality.

Will ignored the look that Alana Bloom gave him as he walked into the staff room.

He knew exactly what she was thinking. He knew he'd had a spring in his step and a rare smile on his face. Because it turned out that getting laid was actually really good for his mental well being. Which was something he was definitely not about to discuss with the school counsellor.

Not least because she'd suggested it one night when they were drinking at the local bar her girlfriend owned. Will had been glad (when he recovered some of his memories of the evening the next day), that the conversation had only involved the three of them and hadn't drawn the attention of other patrons.

It was bad enough that Alana and Margot were taking an unhealthy (!!) level of interest in his private life.

So as he poured out some of the godawful coffee, he ignored her. Ignored her knowing grin, her clear desire to engage him in conversation, and the fact that this had been her suggestion to begin with.

Will just cleared his throat and headed to his office, already knowing that this good mood wasn't going to last anyway. He would soon be back to sassy, cranky Mr Graham before the kids had even made it to first period. That he was sure of.

"Well, damn you look cheery." Bev Katz waltzed into his office and dropped into the chair across from him, grin on her face.

"Do come in, Ms Katz," Will said without looking up.

Maybe his good mood would be gone sooner than expected.

He liked Bev, he really did, but she was even worse than Alana for being meddlesome. He had no idea why most of the female staff at the school had, over the years, developed such an interest in his social life. And very specifically in getting him laid. Bev had even talked him into a couple of incredibly disastrous blind dates.

He rarely trusted her judgement any more.

"So. New guy."

Will looked up with a frown, “New guy?” He willed his face not to turn red as he tried to figure out how much she might have gleaned from his weekend out of town.

“The student teacher, the one on placement.” She looked at his increasingly confused expression like he was nuts. “We said this year we’d take on students in their final year at college, to get experience. We signed papers with the college and everything.” At his wince she nodded and continued. “He starts today. You want him to just sit in on my classes this week and then I’ll work out some class planning with him from there?”

Will groaned and rocked back in his chair.

“The new guy.”

“HeadMaster Graham, did you forget that you agreed to take a placement student?” Bev teased, grinning. As if that much wasn’t already painfully obvious.

He glared at her, “In my defence, I agreed to it under duress and a whole semester ago.”

Bev waved away the excuse with her hand. “Anyways, he’s doing his post grad studies. Says in his file that he moved to the States just before college. Before that he was studying medicine in Paris, he’s got a trust fund, could have paid for any education that he wanted. Switched his degree when he decided he’d rather teach. I mean... this kid is...”

She mimed a large skull and Will frowned at her.

“Big headed?”

“No,” Bev laughed, “Smart. Damn smart. He was the best candidate, and quite frankly we’re lucky to have him. He could have likely gotten in at many a prestigious school, but his application said he wanted to experience a real slice of American life.”

“More fool him,” Will mumbled and moved forward to look over the papers on his desk again. “Okay, Katz. He’s yours to deal with. I already have enough going on without being even more of a babysitter.”

Bev chuckled and stood, “Your dedication to this job overwhelms me sometimes, Will. You’re such a role model.”

He looked up with a huff and shot her a glare as she left the room, grinning.

Yup, his post coital buzz was well and truly on the way out.

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After spending the morning having various meetings with department heads and trying desperately not to think about the meeting with the board after the school day, Will finally made it back to his office around two. At which point, the idea of tucking into the already day old sandwich he’d grabbed on his way in, was even less appetising than he’d have believed.

He huffed and filled his coffee mug in the staffroom, new on top of old, and went back to his office to slump at his desk.

In truth, he had no idea how he'd ended up as HeadMaster, and certainly it wasn't a career choice he'd consciously made.

He'd started off as a cop. Many, many years ago. When he was still young and fresh out of school himself.

He was about to make Detective when he decided he'd rather work with the lab guys and managed to get a scholarship to go to school. He studied Criminology and various hard and soft sciences before applying to the FBI on graduation.

The rejection letter came the same day he found out his dad was sick.

At the time, it had seemed like his only option was to move home to Wolf Trap and help nurse his dad through the cancer that was slowly eating him alive. And when he'd passed, Will just... stayed.

After drinking in the bar one night, he'd met Jack Crawford, the then HeadMaster, who'd actually been the Head when Will had been a student there. It was on his advice that Will took some classes and got his teaching qualifications, before starting as the new Social Sciences teacher.

He'd been popular, given his penchant for criminology and sharing gorey crime scene photos, and he'd settled into the unexpected life of a small town teacher.

Ten years later, after one by one all the teachers that had been there retired, he found himself the longest serving and most qualified to take over as acting Head when Jack retired unexpectedly when his wife got sick. And then, one day, he was HeadMaster. He couldn't even remember saying yes to it, it just was suddenly the case, thanks to the will of the board. And who was he to argue?

Well, actually he did argue. Quite a bit. But between a reasonable pay rise and benefits package, and the puppy dog eyes from the rest of the staff, Will had acquiesced.

That had been three years ago, but it felt like a lifetime. Maybe it was, in teacher years?

At least the board and staff took him seriously, well mostly. Unlike teachers and Heads from other schools when he attended conferences. They looked down their noses at him wondering how someone so young could possibly be a head teacher.

Will was drawn from his thoughts by a firm knock at the door, despite him having placed the 'Do Not Disturb' sign up.

He let out a long suffering sigh and was about to shout out to tell them to come back later, when the door opened.

"Mr Graham, my name is-" The young man stepped into the office and then stopped.

They stared at each other for a long moment before the young man turned and closed the door softly behind him, before turning back with a soft but teasing smile.

“HeadMaster,” He said with a nod.

“What the...” Will felt his blood drain from his face. Half of it heating his chest and making him feel like he might have a heart attack, the other half (traitorously!) racing to his groin.

“You,” Will started again, barely able to force out the word. “You... uh, you...”

“Yes?”

Will looked down on his desk, then grabbed for the large stack in his in-tray and started to root through, looking for the papers Bev had reminded him of earlier that day. And there it was, a file for the student placement.

Will opened it and noted the name at the top before looking back up.

“Hannibal Lecter.”

“And now we actually know each other’s names.” The young man teased.

Will groaned and dropped his head into his hands, as much at how Lecter was grinning at him like a little shit as anything else.

“This *really* isn’t amusing.” Will growled and looked up again. “So wipe that damn smirk off your face or I’ll have your placement cancelled.”

Lecter raised a brow, smirk still there. “I wonder what you would give as the reason to my college. Prior assignation?”

Will gave him a hard glare and let out a long breath. Right or wrong, there was no way he wasn’t coming out of this unscathed. He wasn’t blind to the fact that this would go differently if he wasn’t gay.

If he had hooked up with a woman and this situation had happened, he could have easily explained to the board that he had met someone over the age of consent, spent a night together and now they were here and it was wholly inappropriate. And they might understand and be fine with that. But with a young man?

That would make him the predatory type that they all secretly believed gay men to be. The *wrong* kind of gay, in their eyes.

Will balled his fists.

“You could destroy everything I’ve built here.” Will muttered the words and was vaguely aware of Lecter approaching the desk. His hand moved to rest on Will’s and Will looked up at him.

“But I wouldn’t.” Lecter took a breath and then casually sat in the guest chair on his side of the desk, making himself entirely at home as though he were lord of the manor. “Why would I?” He squeezed Will’s hand, “I have absolutely no complaints about our night together.”

Will drew his hand back without comment, sitting back in his chair and pushing his glasses up his nose, wanting the barrier between them.

“So now what?” Will finally asked.

“We carry on as you would have, had we not had our little... tête-à-tête.”

Will rolled his eyes but managed to quash the groan. He had been so caught up in the wonderful memories of their night together, that he hadn’t really recalled what a little brat the young man was. That *Hannibal* was.

“Unless...” Hannibal started, looking at Will through half lidded eyes.

“Don’t” Will held up his hand. “Do not even think about it.”

“No?”

Will glared at Hannibal, who then let out a low chuckle and shook his head. “I’m teasing of course, it would be highly inappropriate. And I wouldn’t want to jeopardise my career any more than you do yours.”

Will gave a curt nod at that.

“Fine, well then. Welcome to Wolf Trap High School, Mr Lecter.”

“I’m happy to be here, Mr Graham.”

Will reached his hand across and they shook, the feel of his skin, sending a jolt of electricity through him that Will found difficult to ignore.

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Will let out a shuddering breath as he palmed his cock through his underwear.

It had been a really long day, and the best way he could think to destress was to jerk himself to sleep.

That was all, he tried to convince himself. It was just to relieve stress and help him sleep after the long day.

The very long day.

Will groaned as an image of Hannibal Lecter appeared unbidden in his mind. In his office, just as he had been earlier that day, but as naked as he had been the evening they’d fucked. And Will remembered every single detail of the young man’s body.

“Fuck,” Will muttered, grunting as he slipped his hand inside his boxers and started to stroke himself, hard and rough.

He imagined Hannibal leaning over the desk as he fucked into him. Making the boy groan and grunt as he hammered his prostate.

Will sped up his strokes, matching his imaginary thrusts as he pumped his hips into his fist, no real substitute for Hannibal’s tight hole. The memory of which suddenly came back in glorious technicolour, filling Will with both arousal and longing.

A few more strokes and he was almost there, Will squeezed his eyes shut and hiked his shorts down a little. Freeing himself completely.

He could see Hannibal under him, taking him so fucking beautifully and loving every moment of it. And then Hannibal looked over his shoulder with an expression between pleasure and teasing.

“Right there, sir.” Will shuddered at the words. But when Hannibal followed up with “Fuck me, HeadMaster,” Will’s eyes flew open to reveal his own bedroom, nothing more. But it was too late to unthink those thoughts.

Quite literally, as he cried out and came so hard that it spurted in hot ropes up his chest, as high as his throat.

“Fuck...” Will trembled as he lay there trying to get the mix of images out of his head.

Contrary to his plan, Will wasn’t able to sleep at all.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will is struggling to keep his desires under control...

Chapter Notes

ahhhhh another late update! Sorry. Posting on Thursdays is so much harder in lockdown as days have lost all meaning and I'm never sure which one we're on. Hopefully better late than never!

Will felt strung out. He'd gone through times of heavy drinking in the past and this felt like when he was drying out in preparation for being a responsible adult. Only he wasn't recovering from drink, it was from Hannibal Lecter.

And in truth he wasn't recovering at all. It felt more like cold turkey. Months and months of it now.

Maybe that didn't fit as an analogy either, because he was indulging himself a little. He never walked away as he should when Hannibal teased at him. Lecter often managed to catch him in the staff lounge or a corridor alone, and they would trade intellectual insults, that Bevo might call banter, until he was on the verge of getting hard.

He tried to convince himself that he only engaged in these conversations with the best of intentions, and each time his arousal was unexpected. But it was pretty hard lying to himself over such an extended length of time.

And it wasn't exactly like he wasn't taking care of the arousal either. He'd had to start wanking ambidextrously in order to avoid excessive muscle development on one side due to all the jerking off before bed.

What was worse was that he was sure that Hannibal knew. The way the young man would smirk at him rather than smile. Usually right before starting another conversation that was sure to eventually drive Will blind.

It was exhausting. Months on end now, every working day, Will had to endure seeing Hannibal and knowing that Hannibal knew exactly what was going on. Exactly the influence he had.

Will had even considered trying to start dating, to get the young man out of his mind, but the obstacles to that were still there. He didn't have the time, patience, or frankly the interest, to try and date.

At least the days started to brighten and Will was glad that he could start spending his lunch breaks outside in the still slightly cool air. He would take some work and his sandwich and sit out on one of the benches in the area where the students were not allowed to venture at the side of the school building.

The fresh air was a balm for his mind and his cock. Not quite as good as a cold shower, but enough to help him focus after Hannibal had tried to wind him up over the coffee pot again that morning. Suggesting that Will looked tense and that perhaps he should relax more with himself.

The words were skating just on the safe side of innuendo, but he was glad all the same that no one was close enough to overhear them. And that it hadn't been as bad as earlier in the week when no one else was in the staff lounge and Hannibal had stood unreasonably close to him as he teased him with innuendo and smug grins.

"HeadMaster," Hannibal greeted and set down his own lunch on the bench before taking a seat opposite Will.

It was all Will could do not to let out a groan, not looking up and instead responding, "I'm busy."

"Yes, you always are," Hannibal noted and began to unpack his lunch.

At that, Will looked up, glaring at the young man.

"Would you mind?" Will growled.

Hannibal hesitated and looked at him with mock innocence, "Oh, I do apologise, is this area restricted? I was hoping for some fresh air whilst I ate."

He moved ever so slightly and Will stilled, feeling Hannibal's leg moved between his own under the table. A moment later it was clearly no accident, when Hannibal slipped off his shoe and began to caress Will's shin.

"This is highly inappropriate," Will snarled the words, but didn't move, didn't jump up and create distance between them as he really should.

"All you have to do is ask me to stop, HeadMaster." Hannibal said softly, moving his foot up the inside of Will's leg.

Will flushed and squeezed his eyes shut, letting out a shuddering breath. "You'll get me fired."

"No one can see here," Hannibal reassured as his foot moved all the further.

Will gasped and buried his head in his hands when Hannibal's foot reached his cock and began to gently rub, coaxing it quickly to full hardness.

"It's been months of wordplay... foreplay..." Hannibal corrected himself with a chuckle, "I thought you might need..."

Will grunted. It took everything in him not to grab Hannibal's foot and hold it there, rut against it until he messed his pants. It took every ounce of willpower he could muster to reach under the table and push Hannibal's foot away.

"Stop. It's been months of inappropriate comments and questionable behaviour. If it wouldn't damage my career as much as it would yours, I'd have reported you and had you removed from the school. There are kids here!"

Hannibal's foot was gone and the young man looked stunned and perhaps a little flustered, giving Will a hard glare.

"You think my behaviour, my flirtation and sexual desire for you, makes me a danger to the children? You think I act this way in front of them? That I am inappropriate with them in any way?" Hannibal's words were hard and Will's face heated.

He understood Hannibal's reaction, one that he had always hoped to avoid himself. The idea that being gay and expressing sexuality in any way made them a danger to children. He hated that Hannibal thought he was implying such a thing.

"No," Will sighed out the word softly, "Of course not."

"Only ever in private, never in ear shot of even other teachers. And if you had ever asked me to stop I would have done." Hannibal pointed out, heatedly. He took a breath and cooled, his shoulders relaxing as he continued in a more blasé tone, "I realise now that my behaviour has perhaps been inappropriate. I apologise, of course, and it won't happen again."

Hannibal slipped his foot back into his shoe and began to stand.

"Wait," Will said sternly, not continuing until Hannibal resumed his seat. "Don't... don't think that I didn't want to accept the advances. It just isn't that simple. Just keep it professional."

"Or we could socialise like adults, god forbid we become friendly." Hannibal replied with forced nonchalance.

"I don't find you that interesting," Will countered, trying to sound equally nonchalant but sure he was failing from the grin that spread over Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal rose, packing up his few items and then leaning over to pluck one of the grapes that sat in Will's lunch box and popping it in his mouth as he started to walk away. He turned at the last moment, a quick and daring glance back.

"You will." He grinned, assuredly.

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Will wasn't sure how he ended up spending the third Friday night in a row with Hannibal Lecter, but there it was.

Weeks after rebuffing the young man's advances at the lunch table, Will realised there was no way to avoid him entirely until the end of his placement. As much as that would be preferable.

The first time had started off as a night out with some of the other teachers that Bev had organised and told him that he *had* to attend. As the evening had progressed under the watchful eye of Alana and Margot, the staff had peeled off drunkenly to their various homes. Will and Hannibal had not been quite as worse for wear, given that they'd ended up talking most of the evening. This had resulted in them drinking considerably less than the others. Before Will had known it, it was closing time at the bar and they were the only ones left, deep in conversation about the subject of Will's thesis.

Will hated to admit that really talking to the young man was incredibly satisfying. There were some common interests, and he was smarter than Bev had even thought. It was stimulating, and this time not sexually. It had been difficult to drag himself away when it had come time to leave the bar.

The second time, Hannibal had let him know there was a film festival showing some Hitchcock movies at the one cinema in the small town, and had asked Will if he'd like to join him. Which he had, for the movie and for dinner afterwards to discuss it at length.

Which they genuinely had. No innuendo, no footsie under the table. Just engaging conversation about the double feature they'd watched. Films Will hadn't seen in years and was happy to find Hannibal was a fan of too.

This time? This had been on Will.

Earlier they had run into each other in the staff lounge and Will enjoyed the way they comfortably talked with each other now. So much so that he found himself discussing night fishing, of all things, and then inviting Hannibal over to the river through his property that evening.

He wanted to retract the words as soon as he said them, despite Hannibal's fond smile and nod of acceptance. Mostly because, despite the casual friendship they seemed to have fallen into, there was no denying the excess of sexual tension between them.

When Hannibal said he'd drop by Will's office later for his address, it felt like a threat as much as a promise, and Will was worried that the invite had been misread as an invitation to much more.

Was *misread* correct?

Will winced at the thought as he sat in his office late on the Friday after classes let out. Because whilst he had no conscious intent of doing anything more than teach Hannibal to fish when they had discussed it, he now found himself unable to think of anything other than

getting Hannibal into his house and into his bed. Which they had both already agreed was a very very terrible idea.

By the time Hannibal knocked on his office door at the end of the day, he knew that he had to actually put a stop to whatever this was between them. Because... were they dating? Was that what was happening? He had to nip this all in the bud.

Hannibal entered with a smile, pleasant but more than a little (intentionally!) alluring.

"Should I bring anything? If you provide the fishing rod I can bring a thermos of something." Even the words sounded seductive as Hannibal practically stalked towards Will's desk.

Will shook his head. "I... I actually don't think this is a good idea." He almost suggested they go somewhere public instead, but knew that really he should just end the entire thing. It was one thing to ignore the attraction between them, but starting to like each other, to socialise like adults, that was asking for trouble.

"Oh?" There was a sharp note there. Hannibal's expression almost inscrutable, but for the flicker of annoyance.

"I don't think it's a good idea that we spend time together." Will continued, as sternly as he could manage.

The annoyance flared again for a moment. More than annoyance, something more along the lines of the entitlement of youth. Or perhaps that Hannibal Lecter just enjoyed usually getting his own way.

And in that moment everything was in sharp focus. The way Hannibal had effectively tried to seduce him before with innuendo, but then switched to seeking him out for conversations in quiet corners when that had failed. Building a friendship but to the same end - getting Will back into bed. Because that was definitely where it felt like this journey was ending...

Will blinked.

"You. You've been manipulating me. What was it some sort of notch in the bedpost deal?" Will growled, getting to his feet and rounding the desk. "This whole act of us actually becoming friendly was just another approach to the same goal. Am I right?"

Hannibal raised a brow, but did not seem ruffled in the least. Will shook his head and let out a growl of displeasure.

"Just get out." Will grumbled. He felt an unexpected sadness at the thought of Hannibal's disingenuousness. He had enjoyed his company, had wanted to continue to do so even though he knew he shouldn't. He felt like it might be a loss to both of them to end their friendship now, before it got any deeper, so to know this hadn't been real the whole time was painful.

He felt old. A sad old man used by this youngster.

Hannibal started towards the door and Will took a deep breath, surprised then when he heard the door lock. He looked up to see Hannibal still standing there.

“Hannibal, I said leave.”

Hannibal let out his own shuddering breath, his expression flitting through emotions that Will couldn't entirely capture before it became unreadable again.

“Or you'll punish me, daddy?” Hannibal asked sweetly, a bite at the end of his words nonetheless.

He began stalking back to the desk as Will frowned at him, the tent in Hannibal's pants becoming more apparent as he moved.

Will swallowed, not realising how breathless he'd become.

“Stop this,” Will said firmly, with no real power behind it. Because he really didn't mean it, as much as he hated himself for it. Hannibal moved around the desk and then pulled Will's chair so that it rolled him sideways.

“You want it, daddy, don't try and deny it.” Hannibal crooned the words barely above a whisper as he lowered himself to straddle Will's lap.

Will took a shaky gasp, “Oh fuck,” he muttered as his own hardness became apparent as it was pressed against Hannibal.

Will quickly reached for Hannibal's thighs and gripped them hard, not letting the young man move an inch, as much as he sorely wanted to.

Hannibal hummed, amused, and lowered his arms around Will's neck, leaning into whisper against his ear. “It's true, I like to get what I want. I'm used to it. I wanted you in bed again, inside me again. I will admit though, I do like you. I like you a lot, Will.”

Will shuddered at the words, at the sensual way Hannibal had started to slowly undulate against him. At the thought that he might be telling the truth, because as horrific as it was, Will found himself wanting it to be true.

“I really did want you to teach me to fish, I wanted to spend time with you. But I won't deny I want this too.” Hannibal ground down on his dick and Will groaned, balling his fists in Hannibal's trousers.

“You need to stop,” Will managed the words through grit teeth. “You'll get me fired.” He felt like those words were becoming meaningless for how often he'd said them.

Hannibal let out a sigh that sounded like impatience. “Just this once, daddy? Here in your office? I would be such a good boy for you... Or a bad one if you'd prefer.”

“Fuck,” Will growled and started to stand, spilling Hannibal from his lap. “Just... Just fucking leave.” He managed not to raise his voice. He knew the office staff were already gone, but the teacher's lounge was right next door and chances were high at least one or two people were in there working late in the communal space.

“You're no fun,” Hannibal pouted like a child and it was that that made Will see red.

Who the fuck did this kid think he was to do this? To treat people this way? What had Will done in that one evening together that made him deserve this fucking menace?

Hannibal started to turn away but Will found himself grabbing his wrist, as though watching someone else do it. Like an out of body experience.

“You want to behave like a little fucking brat? Then I’ll treat you like one.” Will growled and dragged Hannibal the step back to the desk.

He roughly yanked open Hannibal’s belt and pulled it from his pants in one fluid motion before flicking open his fly and just as roughly pulling Hannibal’s pants down over his ass. Will turned him to the desk and forced him down over it.

Hannibal let out an aroused gasp and Will was sure he was expecting Will to do something entirely different than he actually intended.

Will folded the belt over and reached around, shoving it between Hannibal’s teeth before he growled, “Don’t make a fucking sound.”

Hannibal whimpered and nodded, his eyes flashing with desire.

Will moved behind him and then to the side, placing his hand on Hannibal’s ass before drawing it back.

Hannibal’s whole body stiffened and he clearly struggled to muffle his cry as Will brought his hand down hard onto his ass. He left a red handprint and four more after it, before stepping back from Hannibal.

Will was shaking. He was so fucking hard, but this kid was not going to fucking break him. He’d already gone too far.

“Get out.” Will growled, rage swelling in his chest.

Hannibal turned and looked at him as he took the belt from his mouth and started to pull up his pants. There were tears in the corners of Hannibal’s eyes, but clearly not from pain or upset. He looked totally blissed out.

Without a word, Hannibal made towards the door, unlocked it and let himself out.

Will wasn’t surprised to see the pool of come the young man had left on his desk.

“Fuck,” Will muttered again.

This couldn’t happen again. He had to do something about Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Can Will resist the growing sexual tension?

Doing something about Hannibal Lecter turned out to be trickier than Will had expected.

He'd spent half a day trying to work out ways in which he could end the placement without it causing any issues for either of them down the line.

And after several wasted hours, Will realised he didn't want to do that anyway. He didn't want to send Hannibal away. The boy was a shit, but he didn't deserve the impact on his career.

He wanted to try and believe that it wasn't because the idea of sending Hannibal away hurt him. Because it could hurt Hannibal. So he didn't do it. And absolutely not because he'd miss him. Nope.

There had to be another way to get the young man out of his system?

"Will?" He hadn't heard Bev knock on his door before she'd poked her head around it.

"Working hard or hardly working?" She asked with a grin as she let herself into the office.

"I'm busy," Will grumbled, looking back down at the work he should have done earlier, instead of trying to find ways to eject Hannibal.

"Uhuh," Bev dropped down into the guest chair, "So you want to grab a drink this weekend?"

Will looked up at her, "Can't." He replied simply, before even considering exactly why. Then wincing inwardly as he realised why. The plan he'd already made in his head without really thinking about it. .

He was going to go back to the city and fuck Hannibal out of his system with a complete stranger.

Because that worked so well for him last time... Well it was worth a shot.

"I'm uh, going to the city. I have plans."

"Ohhhh." Bev leaned forward on her elbows. "A hot date? Will you tell me all about it when you get back so that I can live vicariously through you?"

Will rolled his eyes.

“No.” He replied flatly.

He continued to ignore her, getting back to the new phys-ed equipment budget on his desk, until she got the hint and left.

*

Will drove home late from school, planning to pack a bag that night and then drive to the city the next day. He’d find a cheap hotel once he arrived there and go from there.

A little more off the cuff than last time, but he needed to do it.

As he pulled up to his yard, he was surprised to see a car already there.

He killed the engine and stepped out of his old truck.

“Hello?” Will frowned at the figure in the car. He drew in an annoyed breath when Hannibal stepped out. “What do you want?” He growled as he started towards the house, before turning back and saying, “And how the hell do you know where I live?”

“I asked Ms Katz. Not directly of course. It came up in conversation and she mentioned you lived out in the woods like a hermit. Her words.”

“Came up in conversation,” Will huffed. “You mean you manipulated the conversation.”

“I suppose I did,” He agreed, blasé and with a small smile.

Will let out an impatient huff and unlocked the front door. “What do you want, Hannibal? I’m busy.”

“Ah yes, preparing for your trip.”

Will let his head fall back, pushing his fingers under his glasses to rub his eyes. “Bev told you that too?”

“Not her fault, I asked some strategic questions.”

“You’re a fucking menace,” Will mumbled and walked into his house, no doubt that Hannibal was going to follow him no matter what he said or did.

“Yes,” Hannibal replied as he let himself in. “I think you established that already. Back in your office.”

Will shook his head. “You’re unbelievable. I already told you, this has to-”

“Planning on going to the city for a hook-up?” Hannibal asked, though Will was sure that was already clear, Bev wouldn’t have given details. Hannibal could surely guess.

“Hannibal, it’s none of your-” Will turned to find Hannibal stood right in front of him.

"Why not cut out the middleman? You are sexually frustrated because you want me." Hannibal purred. "You can have me. No need to find someone you can pretend is me."

His gaze was piercing and Will couldn't even begin to deny he was totally correct in his assumptions.

"Fuck," Will muttered. Hating how exactly the young man had hit the nail on the head. "We can't, you know that."

"I'm not talking about an illicit affair where each assignation brings us closer to getting caught. I'm talking about this one time." Hannibal's mouth curved into a grin, "To get me out of your system... daddy."

Will let out a shuddering breath.

"Don't," Will warned, even as Hannibal stepped into his space.

"No one to see us here. No one need know." Will felt Hannibal's words breathed against his mouth.

"Hannibal," Another warning, though it didn't stop Hannibal nuzzling against Will's face, pressing their noses alongside each others.

Then his lips pressed against his, gentle. Not hesitant but clearly giving him room to follow through on his warning and to pull back. To deny him.

And Will didn't. Because he's a fucking idiot, he didn't.

Hannibal slid his hands around Will's neck and deepened the kiss.

"Don't fight it," Hannibal pulled back enough to breathe the words against Will's mouth. "You want this."

He really did. He wanted it more than he could help. And not just the sex.

There was something about Hannibal Lecter. The conversations, the intelligence, even the attitude and manipulation. Will liked it all and wished he could explore it all. The least he could do was let himself have this, right?

"Bedroom," Will growled.

*

"Daddy, daddy..." Hannibal whined, breathless as he rode Will's cock.

Will lay flat on his back with his shirt half undone and his trousers around his knees. Which had been as far as he'd gotten before Hannibal had pushed him down onto the bed, given him a show of getting naked and opening himself before sinking down onto him.

It had taken Will's breath away and he'd barely managed to catch it since.

“Fuck me, daddy.” Hannibal groaned, rocking himself on Will’s painfully hard cock.

Will grunted and took hold of Hannibal’s hips, planted his feet and started to fuck up into him. Hannibal leaned forward, hands grasping against Will’s chest as he kept his balance whilst Will pounded into him from below.

When Will looked at him, Hannibal’s eyes were rolling with pleasure and it was almost enough to make him come.

He stilled, breathless but still in need of more.

Will grunted again as he hoisted Hannibal off of him and onto the bed next to him, quickly moving on top of him and angling his hips up. He pulled one of Hannibal’s legs up over his hip before plunging back inside his now gaping hole.

“Fuck, DADDY!” Hannibal screamed and would have doubled over had Will’s body not been in his way. He continued to fuck him deep and hard, pulling the leg up as much as he could to get the deepest angle possible.

“You know my name,” Will growled as their skin slapped together, filling the room with the obscene sound. “Use it!”

“W-Will...” Hannibal muttered, his body starting to go pliant. “Will, come inside me...”

Will let out a groan and pressed their foreheads together, moving as far up as he could until he was completely buried inside Hannibal and now just rocking with him.

Hannibal was shaking, and letting out the most beautiful fucking sounds Will had ever heard. It was (somehow!) even better than the hook-up they’d had in the city. And a large part of him hadn’t expected that would be the case at all. He had started to wonder if the memory of that night far surpassed the reality.

“Come on my cock, Hannibal, my beautiful boy,” Will wasn’t sure where the words came from but he was glad he said them. They had the effect of making Hannibal clench around him, more little noises, more trembling.

Then Will reached between them, awkward though the angle was, and took Hannibal in hand. It only took a couple of strokes before Hannibal cried out and spilled between them.

Will pulled himself back, now shaking himself as Hannibal’s insides undulated around his cock. He tried to keep Hannibal’s leg on his hip as he sat upright a bit more and pulled out a little.

Will slammed back in, through the tightening sphincters, over and over until Hannibal was crying out with the overstimulation. Though he didn’t ask Will to stop. And that sent a thrill through Will.

That they were so incredibly compatible in the bedroom was akin to a revelation. He’d never had that before. It was all either too much or too little but here was Hannibal, calling him daddy when he didn’t even know he wanted that, and taking this hard fucking like a champ.

Will cried out and slammed in hard, spilling deep inside Hannibal, rocking a few more times as his cock continued to pulse and his balls emptied. He was panting and shaking, his sweat dripping onto Hannibal, as he held the end of the condom and pulled out.

His hands were still shaking as he removed it, tied it off and threw it across the room into the waste bin.

Hannibal looked up at him, entirely blissed. Completely fucked out. It felt like an amazing achievement (though he hoped they'd both come a few more times before the said goodbye).

With apparently some effort, Hannibal rolled onto his side and Will dropped down next to him. Facing each other, they gazed at each other as they caught their breaths. Their bodies slowly entwining from the legs up as time passed.

Hannibal moved forward, into the arms Will had open and ready for him. The entire length of their sweaty and spent bodies pressed to each other.

"It's a shame you know, that's it only one night. Because I really did want to spend more time with you. I really have been enjoying your company," Hannibal murmured the words against Will's skin as he ducked his head to the HeadMaster's throat.

Will let out a huff and nuzzled into Hannibal's hair, "Well, stay tonight." Will said, almost a question. Not letting himself make it a question. And instantly wondering if he should regret it (which he absolutely didn't!)

But Hannibal's hum of acceptance dispelled any hesitation. And Will luxuriated in the feel of the curve of Hannibal's smile against his skin.

*

Will woke with his head on Hannibal's chest, long and gentle fingers in his hair.

For a moment he nestled there, enjoying the feeling of it. Not awake enough to deny himself the pleasure of waking next to a warm body. Next to Hannibal.

The thought roused him enough to blink his eyes open and pull away. He rolled over and opened the bedside drawer, rooting around in it until he found a pack of half smoked cigarettes so old he wasn't sure if they were even still smokable. He pulled them out nonetheless and rolled to his back.

He took one out and lit it, taking a drag before letting it out as a long breath, trying to calm himself. Trying not to get caught in the moment but having to admit to his feelings all the same.

"This... works. Better than it has any right to." Will commented as Hannibal took the lit cigarette from between his fingers and drew on it.

He let the smoke out with Will watching, and Will was sure he'd never seen anything sexier in his life.

“You and me?” Hannibal asked, passing the cigarette back.

Will rolled and stubbed it out, not liking the barrier it put between them. With the live fire gone, Will pulled Hannibal tight to him as they lay on their sides, slipping a leg through the young man’s so that their cocks rested together.

“Yeah.”

“You mean... more than the sex?” Hannibal asked coolly, a tease in his tone.

“You know I damn well do,” Will growled back, annoyed by how intentionally infuriating Hannibal could be.

Hannibal let out a light chuckle and stroked a finger over Will’s creased brow until it eased.

“No need to get mad, daddy. Though I do like to see you all worked up.” Hannibal arched so that more of his body was flush with Will’s. The young man’s cock was obviously and steadily filling.

“You want to date me?” Hannibal asked, playing at innocent, though Will knew that Hannibal knew full well what Will was talking about. The little shit. “Or... you want to be my daddy?”

Will let out an impatient, if shuddering breath. His own cock was now painfully hard and all he wanted to do was fuck the boy until he behaved. Which, yeah, maybe meant he did want to be his daddy? He still wasn’t entirely clear on the dynamics of that.

“As long as you don’t expect me to be your sugar daddy, I actually don’t get paid as much as you’d think, and I hear that you have more money than God.” Will replied, leaning in to nuzzle at the throat Hannibal bared to him as he arched even further.

“No daddy, I don’t need trinkets. Just a firm hand.” Hannibal teased, pulling a few gasping sounds from Will.

“Ughh,” Will groaned, starting to rut against Hannibal, their cocks sliding together. “This is so fucking inappropriate. I could get fired.”

“I’m a consenting adult,” Hannibal pointed out, before adding in a purposely higher pitch, “daddy.” He chuckled and then continued, “I understand your concerns, but I’m very much coming around to the idea of an illicit affair after all.”

Will groaned again and pulled back. “No, Hannibal. Seriously. I’m technically your boss. How do you think the board would perceive this, or the fucking PTA.” Suddenly weighed with the thoughts he felt like he’d already voiced a million times, Will rolled onto his back and slung an arm over his face.

Even so, he didn’t try to push the young man away as Hannibal pressed against him, pulling his arm away.

He looked serious, which Will wasn’t sure he’d ever seen in Hannibal before. Always previously subjected to his teasing and taunting.

“Will, I understand, and I don’t want to do anything that will jeopardise your position here. Nor my own.” Hannibal stroked his hand gently over Will’s stubble as they looked at each other intently. “But I *do* want more. At first you were just a toy I suppose, but... I’ve never connected with someone like this before and I wish we had a way to explore that. Perhaps, we should-”

Will started to try and get up from the bed, preempting Hannibal trying to convince him once again. More than a little concerned that he might succeed. But the young man pulled him back down to the mattress with that strength he held just beneath the skin.

“My placement is only for a few more months. So... How do you feel about long distance?” Hannibal asked.

There was a tentative note in his voice, a vulnerability there that Will had only caught glimpses of before.

“This can only work on my terms. No more games. No more manipulation.” Will said, sternly. “If you really want this to be more, then you need to prove it. No more funny business, in any sense, until you’re no longer working here. And then... Maybe I can come to the city and take you on a date.”

Hannibal’s grin seemed all too victorious.

“I mean it Hannibal, no more of this. Don’t even try!”

“You don’t trust me, daddy?” Hannibal asked playfully, stretching out his lithe and youthful body against Will’s.

Will chuckled, smoothing his hands up the boy’s torso, “Not even a little bit.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Five Years Later...

Chapter Notes

Ughhhh sorry, I've had a migraine all week and completely forgot to post this last night!

Five Years Later

“Have you heard? Mr Graham’s husband is transferring here. He’s going to be the new science teacher!”

“The guy who stays with him all the time? They’re married?”

“He works at a school in the city but commutes I think? Or lives between here and there? He’s hot! Have you seen him? He must be at least ten years younger than Mr Graham, and those cheekbones!”

“Did you know they met when Mr Lecter had his student placement here?”

“Dirty old man Graham!”

“No, it’s so sweet! I saw them walking around town at the weekend, holding hands and just being totally in love. Maybe... Maybe Mr Graham won’t be such a grump all the time now if his husband is here permanently.”

“I said that to Ms Katz and she just laughed.”

“Ha! I bet they’ll be fucking like rabbits in the Head’s office before the end of the first week of the semester.”

*

Hannibal knocked lightly on the door, looking a little bashful as he entered the office.

“You wanted to see me, sir?”

“Ah, yes, Lecter. Don’t take a seat, this won’t take long.”

“Y-yes sir,” Hannibal closed the door behind him and stood, fidgeting nervously.

Will cleared his throat and stood, walking around the desk and eyeing Hannibal up and down as he did so. Hannibal stood rigid, his breath catching slightly.

“You’ve been a naughty girl, Ms Lecter” Will growled, “keep getting detention, causing trouble in class. What’s to be done about that?”

“It’s not me, sir.” Hannibal replied, breathless. “I swear, I just get dragged into these things.”

“I didn’t take you for a snitch, Lecter.” Will quirked a brow. “What is it your classmates say? Snitches get stitches?”

Will enjoyed the slightest quirk of Hannibal’s lips then, oh so close to breaking but he didn’t. He never did.

Will wasn’t sure how the hell they’d gotten to this point, all he knew was that Hannibal understood it all to be fantasy and not a reflection of his inclinations. Actually, truth be told, it was Hannibal that had made him realise that it was fantasy, and that that was okay.

A conversation that had started with a raised brow and a “Darling, do you think when I call you daddy I really want to fuck my actual father?”

Will had to admit he had a point. Hannibal continued to push the boundaries in the bedroom, and each time still not finding a hard limit for Will, had always been fun for them both. So it hadn’t occurred to him to say no when Hannibal mentioned this, and now he was so damn glad of that.

“Is this appropriate school attire?” Will asked, picking a pen up from his desk and using it to lift the back of Hannibal’s way too short skirt, revealing white lacy panties.

He was already achingly hard. Hannibal in a skirt always did wonderful things to him. He had such a great ass, and the shape of his legs in heels was phenomenal. Which Hannibal well knew.

His dancer’s frame and lithe body made Will’s mouth water at the best of times. But now with lacy knickers under an indecently short school skirt? Will’s heart was pounding.

“Please, sir. Don’t call my parents, they’ll send me away to boarding school.”

“Oh, no.” Will mused, throwing the pen back onto the desk and running his hand up under the skirt and over Hannibal’s ass. “We can’t have that. You would be left to run wild in a place like that. Who knows what sort of trouble you’d get up to.”

“Yes, HeadMaster.” Hannibal replied, then swallowed heavily, even as he pressed his ass back into Will’s hand.

“That said,” Will dropped his hand away and Hannibal let out a little whine. “I would be derelict in my duty to you as one of the students in my care to not ensure you are taken charge of with a firm hand.”

He brought his hand back down on Hannibal's half exposed ass with a firm slap.

Hard enough to push Hannibal towards the desk.

"I'll be good, sir."

"Hmm," Will hummed as though considering, pushing Hannibal down over the desk and flipping his skirt fully up.

He let out a shuddering breath, the panties now pulled tight over his ass, the damp patch was visible.

He wondered for a moment whether Hannibal had come as he fucked himself open on fingers and toys? Wondered which ones he'd used before coming to present himself to the HeadMaster?

"What have we here?" Will said, pressing his fingers to the dampness. "Such a dirty girl, all wet for me already."

Will pushed his fingers inward until he was practically pushing them inside Hannibal. Who responded with a deep moan.

"Yessir," He slurred as he arched, as he spread his legs just a little more.

"Always such a good girl for me," Will murmured as he slowly started to peel Hannibal's panties down, kicking his legs open a little more as he did so.

Hannibal accommodated every movement and then remained still, waiting.

Will was slow as he undid his belt and fly, letting the anticipation grow as the sounds of the actions echoed around the room. Each one causing Hannibal's breath to become more laboured with each passing moment.

"Good girl," Will repeated as he took himself in hand and tapped his cock on against Hannibal's wet and gaping hole.

Hannibal let out a high noise and then a long moan as Will pushed inside him.

He fell forward onto the desk, lifting his ass to meet Will's slow movements.

"I'll be such a good girl, sir." Hannibal sighed the words, his pleasure clear in every breath.

"You will," Will agreed before taking hold of Hannibal's hips and undulating against him. A little harder, a little faster on every thrust. Pulling out a little more each time so he could push deeper on the inward thrust.

"Sir, sir..." Hannibal panted against the desk, his face against it now. Will moved a hand between Hannibal's shoulders, pinning him there so he couldn't even try to get back up again whilst Will started to pound into him.

“This is why you’re my favourite teacher, sir,” Hannibal babbled. “I want to be a good girl for you, Mr Graham.”

Will grunted and fucked all the harder, as Hannibal continued to mutter dirty nothings to him.

“Your cock feels so good, it was made to be inside me. Teach me a lesson sir, fuck me until I can’t stand.”

Will grunted as he pounded into Hannibal’s ass, knowing this was all about his own pleasure. Whether Hannibal came or not was incidental. As much as he loved to make his husband come, Will was not so sure about making naughty schoolgirl Hannibelle come. Did she actually deserve it? Rarely, as far as he was concerned.

“Clench around me, want to feel how tight you are for me,” Will leaned in to growl the words against Hannibal’s ear. And the younger man immediately complied.

The resistance to Will’s thrusts was perfect, and Hannibal didn’t falter as Will fucked him all the harder. Clenching around his cock so that he could barely drag himself back from each thrust.

“Gonna come deep inside you, sweet girl,” Will muttered, pleased with Hannibal’s responding moan of anticipation. “Fill you up. Maybe knock you up.” Will growled, rewarded by Hannibal’s whimpering as he hit one of his kinks on the head.

Will thrust hard, then again. Pushing as deep as he could so that he was almost lifting, almost pushing, Hannibal further onto the desk. So much so that Hannibal had lifted one of his legs up so that the knee balanced on the edge, opening himself wide to Will.

He grunt on each of the three following thrusts until he finally came. Let out a strangled cry as he pushed himself as deep as possible and continued to thrust shallowly as he spilled.

Finally he stilled. They were panting in unison and Will wasn’t sure how much longer he could remain standing.

He could tell from the way Hannibal relaxed completely beneath him, that he had come as well. Probably the friction of his cock being pressed against the nicely polished desk. Probably the mention of breeding him too, Will chuckled inwardly at that.

He’d make Hannibal clean up his mess, like a good girl. The thought made his cock throb though there was nothing else left in him.

“Fuck,” Will groaned against Hannibal’s back and collapsed against him.

“Mmm,” Hannibal sighed, wriggling a little, until Will’s softening cock slipped out of him, followed closely by his come. Just as he knew Hannibal enjoyed. He’d certainly been vocal enough about it when they’d decided to stop using condoms all those years ago. And the novelty had definitely never worn off.

“That was... that was really good.” Will sighed.

Hannibal let out a little chuckle, “Maybe one day we could do this in your work office and not our home office?” It sounded like a tease, but Will knew better.

“No.” He answered bluntly even as he grinned, “Not happening.”

“We could go in on a weekend, no one will be around.” Hannibal continued, pushing his ass back against Will so that Will could feel his own seed against his leg.

Will let out a groan and pushed tight to Hannibal, but all the same shook his head, “You’re so incorrigible.”

Hannibal chuckled again, “Mmm, I believe it’s one of the things you love most about me.”

Will sighed. He wasn’t wrong!

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